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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. V.

The reader advised to go and take a walk.—Which is the most lost of all days.—What makes the author laugh.—The 10th of September.—A horse and cart.—Which it is best to be.—Barclay's feelings with respect to the inhabitants of the parsonage.—Mrs. Pawlet proves herself to be no physician.—Why she hath her teeth filed.—She is found lying on her back in the garden.—What is most grateful to a woman in love.—Caricatures.—How a man should talk in courting.—What is curious in honey.—A confession.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1800.

I Can't write to-day! the weather and the sun shines so delightfully into the room, that I must positively go and walk. If the reader's wise he will do the same; and as I shall not return to my work until the glass falls (for I make my hay when it rains) I would advise him to follow my example, and not to have any thing more to do with me until he is deprived of the salubrious breezes of a fine day. Wherever you are, my friend, either in town or country, I wish you a pleasant walk, and agreeable thoughts. For my part I am going to lounge in the streets of London, and to tell you the truth, I prefer them to the fields of the country. I am for nature's best works, and like to study mind rather than matter. Men, women, and children, are therefore always more acceptable to me, than all the hills, dales, and limpid streams in the universe. I admire the man who exclaimed, "I have lost a day!" because he had neglected to do any good in the course of it; but another has observed that "the most lost of all days is that in which we have not laughed;" and I must confess that I feel myself greatly of his opinion. Farewell then, I go, and fear not, whilst I saunter in the busy haunts of men, that I shall have to complain of having lost a day because I have not exercised my risible faculties. When I see more than half the world, politicians especially, seriously busied about other people's affairs, and things they do not in the least comprehend, how can I help laughing? I cannot; and the more serious they are, the more I will laugh. The moment I leave my home I shall call upon a next door neighbour of mine a very opulent man, who never sits down to table without three courses. Well, I shall find him as melancholy as a mouse in a trap, complaining seriously of the scarcity of provisions. I shall keep my countenance as well as I can in his presence, but the instant I leave him I shall give way to my mirth, and, merry as a maggot in a cheese, jog on till I come to a bookseller's shop. There I shall drop in—see some, with newspapers in their hands, debating the news of the day as if it were a matter of life and death; others looking over the new publications, probably written by their intimate friends, and abusing them with all the importance and gravity of criticism. I can't stay here long, 'tis clear, and if it were not for a little pity and indignation, that mingle themselves with the propensity I then feel to merriment, I should have broked out long before. Adieu.

SEPTEMBER 10.

Since our hero's arrival at the parsonage, I have been exceedingly minute in every particular that has occurred each day, at breakfast, dinner, and supper. By this means I have given, I think, a pretty good taste of the Pawlet family: but whether I have pleased by minuteness may be a matter of doubt, for as some complain if I digress, so do others if I march on in a right line, without looking either to the right or to the left. Such is the difficulty of pleasing. There is an old proverb which says, "that it is better to be a horse than a cart;" but I am of opinion that this adage needs qualification, for I think the choice very much depends upon who drives. If I am to be driven by these good folks, who are all at once flogging me to different ways, I must confess that I would rather prefer being the cart than the horse. To please every body is, in my mind, as little desirable as it is possible. There are some I do not wish to please, and there are others whom I should be very sorry to displease, among which I include myself, and trust me, it shall be my foremast care not to offend them,

The longer Barclay lived with his friends, the more he esteemed the mildness and charity of the parson, the more he loved the amiability and beauty of Penelope, and the more he pitied the extravagance and weakness of Mrs. Pawlet. In the parson there was nothing that did not demand his admiration. Indefatigable in his benevolent exertions in favour of the poor, the sick, and the oppressed, he lived without an enemy—loving all, and by all beloved. By the perpetual and disinterested exercise of all the social charities of our nature, he dignified his being with almost all the perfection of which it is susceptible; since to do good as if from a natural impulse, and without any regard to self advantage, is to come as near the Deity as can be expected in our frail state; for so does God himself. The little crosses and misfortunes of life, which merely concerned Mrs. Pawlet, never disturbed

the equability of his temper, for, to use the language of Spencer,

He gently took all that ungently came.

In Penelope he beheld every thing that was lovely, every thing that could engage the mind, and win the heart. The constant companion of the parson in all his benevolent excursions, she was the beauteous handmaid of charity:—mild, but not spiritless; gay, but not unfeeling; beautiful, but unaffected; endowed with a thousand graces of mind and body, but unconscious of possessing them, Penelope was even loved by her own sex, whose envy soon lost itself in their admiration and esteem.

In Mrs. Pawlet he saw nothing that did not excite his pity, although he was often irresistably compelled to smile at the strange follies her mistaken education led her to commit. By her fall she received a few bruises of no consequence, and she would soon have recovered every ill effect of the accident, if she had not had recourse to a medical knowledge, and clearly proved herself to be no physician, by physicing herself with inward and outward applications, which, for some time, made her really and truly as sick as she had thought herself. Her whims were infinite. Whatever she read about, however absurd, or unnecessary, she would instantly put in practice. Shortly after this affair, she saw, in some treatise on optics, that the eyes were preserved by glasses; and instantly pretending that she could not see without, ordered several pairs of spectacles, which she wore for a long time—then she would smoke, because some of the learned are partial to a pipe, and whenever she was caught in a shower, she would never run, because she said, it was inimical to the dignity of the creature; and one day the servant being sent to call her out of the garden to dinner, returned in great consternation, saying, "he believed she was either in a fit, or dead, for that she was lying all along upon her back, without motion." They ran out, greatly alarmed, and found her in the same situation the servant had left her, from which she begged not to be disturbed, as she was taking the height of an elm tree. "you see that stick standing in the ground, at my feet," said she; "well, when my eye, as I lay on my back, is, as it is at this moment, in a line with the head of the stick and the top of the tree, then from the stick to the base of the elm is just its height. Let's see," continued she, rising and measuring the distance with a rule.—"Ah, forty-three feet, twelve inches, and a half!"

"Bless me!" cried the parson, "do come to dinner."

To repeat all her vagaries would be endless. It will be sufficient to say, that she was every day what the reader has hitherto found her. Though the Polyglott went on but slowly, yet Mrs. Pawlet was very well pleased with our hero, whose modesty and silence before her, unless when an opportunity offered to distinguish himself, gave her the highest opinion of his wisdom and learning.

During the time the old lady was physicing herself, Barclay had more liberty, and being now on familiar terms with Penelope, he was almost constantly with her, under the pretence of instructing her in the art of drawing; and the merchant, stealing from home, would now often come to the parsonage to enjoy our hero's company, and, in the course of the evening, play a rubber at whist. Frequently Barclay and Penelope were *partners*—happy partners! With them there was no complaining of "you played that card badly," or "you ought to have done this," or "you ought to have done that;" they were content to lose or win, so they lost or won together! The merchant on these occasions, being free from his family, shook off much of the gloom and melancholy that hung about him, owing to ennui, arising from a want of pleasurable resources within himself. His conversations with Barclay were of a serious nature, and, though they were consoling to him, would not be entertaining to readers of such works as the present, therefore I shall not relate them.

Our hero, if he had possessed no other, would have had a great advantage over his friend Keppel, by living continually with Penelope. In love there are many things that are very agreeable to women; but I think I may confidentally assert, that *attention* is more grateful to them than any thing else. It is this wins their love. It is this preserves it. Does a married woman complain of her husband, all her complaints are comprised in his want of attention. Do you see a beautiful woman wedded to a very ordinary man, or one preferring a plain man to a Narcissus, rely upon it that attention has prevailed. The "'vantage ground" that it gave Barclay over Von Hein may then be easily imagined. He was, however, both happy and unhappy. Happy in the company of Penelope, because he thought he saw that she loved him; and unhappy when his mind dwelt on his friend, because, at best, he felt himself obliged to act an ungrateful part. Deceiving himself, however, with his hopes, he yielded himself up to the enjoyment of the present.

In their drawing, Penelope and Barclay would sometimes indulge in harmless caricatures; such as depicting an English woman in the extreme of the fashion, and by her side a Chinese in the gayest costume of her country. They would then entertain each other by their doubts which was the most preposterous or ridiculous, concluding that, at any rate, the one was as laughable an object for the Chinese, as the Chinese was for the other. In all his conversations with Penelope, except now and then on the subject of love, when it may be dispensed with, Barclay constantly addressed himself to her understanding. Indeed it was his opinion, and I think it just, that a man should not always talk frivolously to her he loves, for, if she has any sense, she must conceive it as an insult:—On the contrary, to talk rationally to a female, in some degree argues sense in her, and is consequently a compliment. They were now upon such intimate terms, that they would occasionally have their little momentary quarrels. Penelope was full of spirits and vivacity, which would sometimes cross Barclay in his tender fits, and cause him to accuse her of cruelty.

"But," he would say, "so it is throughout nature. The sweetest things are not without their obdurate qualities—even honey, we are told, contains iron*; and thus I account for the least sign of cruelty in Penelope."

At this period nothing interrupted Barclay's felicity but Keppel's letters, and the task of answering them. One day, when they had finished drawing, Barclay said he was going to write to his friend, and begged, with an enquiring look, to know what he should say from Penelope.

"From me?" said she, hesitating.

"Yes," replied Barclay, "I have constantly read your Keppel's kind remembrances, and you never tell me any thing to say in return."

"Oh!" cried she, recovering herself, "Mr. Pawlet does that for me!"

"But, as my friend requests it," continued Barclay, "why should I not be honoured, sometimes, with what you have to tell him?"

"And do you really wish," said Penelope, looking archly at him; "do you really wish me to tell you some kind thing to write to Mr Von Hein?"

Barclay looked at her, but made no other reply.

"Ay, well you may be dumb," she cried; "for it is all your fault, that poor Mr.

* M. Lemery discovered that honey, in virtue of its vegetable nature, contains iron.

Von Hein is to have nothing kind said to him."

"My fault!" exclaimed Barclay.

"Yes, your fault," she repeated, smiling. "Do you not tell me that he desired you to intercede for him, and to guard my heart until he comes? A pretty watchman you are, truly, to steal the fruit you were appointed to protect."

"Lovely girl!" cried Barclay, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his lips, "I have not stolen your heart, but exchanged mine for it."

"Well, then," said she, drawing her hand away, and running to the door, "since you acknowledge you have got my heart, I leave you to consult it about what you are to write to your friend.—If it is as true a heart as it was when I had it, it will not tell you a falshood."

With this she left the room.

"Happy, miserable man that I am!" exclaimed Barclay. Penelope! Keppel! oh! that love and friendship should, like bitterest enemies, conspire against my happiness! To have found such a woman, and such a man; such true love, and such unfeigned friendship; and yet find in them the cause of misery, is grievous, is calamitous, indeed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following Original Letters on Marriage are transmitted to you for publication in your entertaining Repository. If they meet your approbation, their insertion will probably oblige more than one

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Original Letters on Marriage.

FROM A MARRIED LADY TO AN UNMARRIED GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

YOUR friend T. who is now on his return to the city, will hand you this letter. I am sorry you are so destitute of a spirit of gallantry, as to suffer your 40th summer to return without a matrimonial connection.

You know how often you have incurred the ridicule and contempt of our sex, in resisting this powerful impulse of nature, and more especially, as you could never adduce any conclusive arguments to shew the advantages or propriety of a single life.

Your abilities to support such a connection are indisputable. You are possessed of affluence; you have devoted your years to the pursuits of literature, and besides the connoisseurs of our sex have uniformly acknowledged your beauty and accomplishments, which have excited a spirit of rivalship among them. I am therefore surprised that you should suffer your reign of triumph to pass unimproved, without consummating that union from which alone the greatest portion of earthly happiness is to be derived.

Your's, with respect.

CAROLINE T****N.

ANSWER.

MADAM,

I HAVE received by the hands of Mr. T. your admonitory letter, and as we have been in the habit of correspondence, I shall make a few remarks by way of answer to extenuate the charge you have brought forward against me, and to apologize for that state which is considered so extremely reprehensible in the eyes of your sex.

It is not surprising to find women such violent enthusiasts, such indefatigable advocates for the nuptial tie, because they appear to be not only under the dominion of more ardent passions than men, but matrimony is a species of speculation from which they derive not only their consequence, but the most permanent advantages of life. The man therefore who opposes this state, incurs the imputation of treason against the sex, in whose estimation his character is naturally contemplated under a variety of hideous forms. It is no wonder, therefore, that women are so vehement in their criminations, so virulent in their aspersions, and so prone to arraign the motives and dispositions of those who profess themselves advocates for a state of celibacy,* in which the hard destiny of human nature has dispensed to mankind that portion of happiness of which they are essentially abridged by conjugal connections.

I know I am adducing arguments in direct repugnance to the dictates of our nature, and advocating a state that would prove inimical to our political interests, retard our national glory, and divest us of those obligations towards the female sex, which custom and our sensibility have so forcibly imposed upon us. But as there is little stoicism in the world, and men are so universally under the dominion of their passions, the female sex have little danger to apprehend from the prevalence of celibacy; and therefore, why need they evince such clamorous hostility to the advocates for that state?

By their influence, and by the dispositions of men who are naturally subservient to their passions, prejudices, and the promotion of their interests, the bachelor soon finds himself the object of their united odium and execration; his character becomes the target at which the shafts of ridicule and contempt are aimed; every species of obloquy and detestation is showered upon him, and they are unusually ingenious in inventing epithets of ignomy and reproach, to represent him as a monster divested of all the benevolent affections and attributes of human nature; but the bachelor who has experience for his guide, sees and derides their motives, proceeds with circumspection, and avoids the snare into which artifice is unusually diligent in her attempts to circumvent him.

Such is the imperious ascendency of our passions, which are radically implanted in our natures, and such is man's propensity for paying homage to the frailer sex, that I imagine it would be discovered by investigation, that no man of forty years of age, whatever his condition might have been, ever passed his life without an attempt to unite himself to the mistress of his affections. Hence we may ascribe a state of celibacy to disappointment, to coquetry; and those repulses which seem the evil destiny of some men, who are destitute of the advantages of a prepossessing exterior.

Why then are your sex so liberal in their reproaches against a certain class of men, when they themselves are the remote cause of that state which they so devoutly deprecate? Besides, why should they attempt to subvert the dominion of reason, and to seduce the judgment of those whose situation in life precludes the possibility of supporting the expences of a rising family?

To those who possess the advantage of affluence, of beauty, and of such an insinuating address as to gain the object of their wishes with scarcely an effort, matrimonial connections are perhaps laudable; but when so many are deterred by the prospects of penury, or baffled in their fondest expectations by a cruel repulse, which plants an envenomed dagger in the soul, why do you augment their misery by your ridicule and reproach?

Your situation in life has, no doubt, enabled you to judge of the troubles and incumbrances that are incident to matrimony,—a state which many deem the very

* Some facetious bachelors have derived the word *celibacy* from *cœli*, a Latin word which signifies *of heaven*, and *beatus*, *made happy*; while others say it is derived from *cœli* and *batus*, heaten or scourged, signifying a man scourged of heaven.

extinction of their liberties. The petulance of wives, who generally become morose and peevish when they feel the pressure of family concerns, have induced many a man of sensibility to seek refuge in a tavern, in order to get rid of her clamours, where he has gradually been converted into a drunkard. Add to this the laborious task of rearing an offspring, and the disobedience, the perverseness, the excesses and disgrace, even of the best educated children, have deterred many of a phlegmatic cast from forming matrimonial connections.

Another cause of celibacy, which originates with yourselves, is the extravagance and dissipation of wives, who seldom have a sufficient stock of prudence to circumscribe their wants within the bounds of their husbands' income. It is less mortifying, however, to be arraigned of prodigality than a defect of genius; for in the estimation of men of learning, women have frequently been regarded as a subordinate race of beings, in consequence of the great disparity in learning between the sexes. You extenuate the imputation by insisting that men are more indefatigable in the pursuits of literature, and have more pains bestowed upon their education than women; while scientific characters confute your doctrines by adducing evidences of your superior advantages in point of leisure, and an exemption from all servile and laborious employments, which, by the customs of civilized nations have devolved on men. They ridicule the natural volatility of your dispositions, which, they say, incapacitates you for literary attainments; represent you as fair deceptions, which dazzle the eyes like painted bubbles; observe that you are fonder of decorating the outside than the inside of your heads, and that the love of dress, which seems so radically implanted in your natures supercedes, or absorbs every inclination for mental improvement.

In this catalogue of foibles I am sorry to assure you, that I suspect you often sacrifice the soft impulses of nature to pride, avarice, and ambition, in order to gratify a mercenary propensity for the support of pomp and splendor, which seem incompatible with the soft attributes of your sex. This truth I conceive will be forcibly illustrated by the following narrative, which is a sketch of my own life, by which you may judge of the extent of this crime of celibacy, which has been imputed to my charge.

I was descended of wealthy parents, and inherited a liberal patrimony, by which I was enabled to form an advantageous mercantile establishment, which for a time proved lucrative beyond my most sanguine expectations. I had acquired pretty extensive learning, possessed from nature a just symmetry of form and beauty of countenance, which I soon found were themes of rapturous encomium among the women.

As Mira was a young lady in whom all perfection seemed concentered, I was soon captivated, paid my addresses to her, and from the reception she gave me, soon exulted in the assurance that a reciprocal attachment subsisted between us. Eugenius was my professed rival, and Mira's partiality soon excited his utmost enmity towards me. He was rich, and possessed a figure by no means despicable; but his countenance was homely, and his disposition impetuous.

My prospects of happiness were, however, soon obscured. My affairs became unexpectedly embarrassed, and when I could no longer endure the insults and importunities of my creditors, I sought refuge in prison, from whence I wrote Mira many affecting letters, that pourtrayed the furious emotions of my soul; but you may judge of my phrenzy and desperation when I received no answer from her fair hand, nor a single line either of friendship of condolence, during seven week's imprisonment. Such an agonizing reverse of fortune furiously tempted me to the desperate expedient of terminating my own existence; but a certain indignant hope that rose within my soul, rescued me from the impending danger.

At length I was liberated from imprisonment, and I found, to my satisfaction, that the monies arising from the sale of my property, were more than sufficient to pay the demands of my creditors. With this surplussage, and the assistance of some of my friends, I was soon again established in an advantageous line of business.

Immediately after my liberation from confinement, I ventured, though with little expectation of success, to renew my visits to Mira, but you may judge of my feelings, when I received repeated information that she was not to be seen. In fine a marriage between Mira and Eugenius, which I had gloomily anticipated, was soon consummated with unusual pomp and ceremony. Then did my cup of bitterness seem to overflow; but I soon resigned myself to this rigorous dispensation of heaven.

At the expiration of about a year after marriage, Eugenius suffered imprisonment in his turn, and was stripped of all his property; the sale of which, however, was not sufficient to pay his creditors. Inconceivable was Mira's mortification and distress at so disasterous an event; but this was not the only calamity she had to encounter—her husband became a drunkard, and treated her with every mark of outrage and brutality that the malevolence of his disposition could suggest.

In the mean time, by the unexpected arrival of a vessel from the East-Indies, which was reported to have been lost, and in which I was extensively concerned, I was put into possession of a sum exceeding 70,000 dollars, which restored me to my former affluence and respectability.

My resentment, however, would never suffer me to visit Mira in her adversity, and I spent more than a year without setting my eyes upon her.

In the mean time, I often visited a farm I had purchased in the country, which was airily situated, and surrounded by romantic clusters of trees, of the most luxuriant foliage. One evening, about sun-set, while I was seated upon a terrace at the inmost recess of an avenue, pensively listening to the sound of two clarinets, from an adjoining farm, that warbled in unison a plaintive air, the emaciated figure of Mira prostrated itself at my feet, and in the most moving accents implored my forgiveness. I raised her from the earth; she shed a torrent of tears upon my breast, and the powers of her utterance were suspended by the most inexpressible emotions.

She assured me of the inviolability of her attachment to me, and confessed that the imperious dictates of pride and avarice which had subdued the force of nature, were the sole causes of her unparalleled barbarity towards me;—a crime for which she had been justly punished, and for which death alone was a sufficient atonement.

I assured her of my perfect forgiveness, removed her to one of my apartments, and used every art to console her; but she became frantic and delirious, and died a victim to remorse and despair. L.

The Story of Makandal.

(CONCLUDED.)

ZAMI, struck with these words, threw himself at the feet of Makandal, and bursting into tears, said, " O! Makandal, why shouldest thou require me to sacrifice to thy vengenance the most perfect beauty, and the purest heart that can honour our country? Know that I adore Samba; that I am tenderly beloved by her and her love will soon give the unfortunate Zami a title to the appellation of father."

Whilst he was uttering these words, he embraced the knees of the ferocious Makandal, who, fired with indignation at seeing a happy rival, had drawn his cutlass, and would have doubtless sacrificed him to his vengeance, had he not heard the voices of some Europeans, who were calling the slaves to their labour. He had time, therefore, only to save himself with precipitation, and, without reflecting on the consequences, left the poisonous powder in the hands of Zami.

Zami immediately resolved to make a full discovery to the overseer; but he still feared Makandal, whose image he dreaded, and on that account he thought it prudent to be silent.

The day appeared to him to be insupportably long. He was oppressed with sadness and uneasiness; but, at length, when his labour was ended, he flew to meet his beloved Samba, and repaired to the orange grove.

Samba had not yet arrived. Her lover waited a long time with inexpressible impatience, agitated between hope and fear. Every moment he imagined he heard the sound of her steps; the least noise, the slighest agitation of the trees, heightened his illusion, and made his heart beat with joy. But perceiving that the hour of appointment was past, the most dismal forbodings took possession of his soul; he gave himself up to the most terrible conjectures, and he at length lost all hopes of seeing the dear object of his love, when the great bear announced that it was midnight. Stimulated by impatience, he hastened to the habitation of Samba; the fear of alarming a strange plantation did not repress his ardour, and he could no longer delay to inform himself what was become of his mistress.

But who can describe the terror, the grief, and the despair of the unfortunate Zami, when, on approaching the hut of his adored Samba, he heard the lamentations of several negro women. He entered, and beheld Samba stretched out on a mat; he threw himself towards her, upon which, lifting up her dying eyes, she stretched out her hand and expired pronouncing the name of Zami.

Zami fell motionless by her side; he was carried away senseless, and was not informed till next morning that a female negro hawker had been on the plantation, and had dined with Samba. He then discovered what he knew of Makandal's design, and he shewed the powder, which a chemist at Cape Francois examined, and found to be violent poison.

It was then suspected what had been been the cause of the immense number of sudden deaths which happened among the negroes. People shuddered at the thoughts of the danger which threatened the whole colony: the officers of justice were dispersed through the country to seize Makandal; but they despaired of being able to succeed, when Zami offered to secure him.

He armed himself only with a club made of the wood of the guava tree, and lay hid to watch him in a narrow pass of the mountain, to which Makandal had retired. There he waited for five days, but on the sixth, before the dawn of day, he heard him marching along with two maroons. Zami immediately started up, knocked down Makandal's two companions; Mankandal drew his cutlass to make a stroke at Zami, who, with a blow of his club, made him drop it from his hand, and immediately rushing upon him, held him fast, and having tied his hands behind his back with his long girdle, conducted him to the Cape.

Some of Makandal's accomplices were arrested also, and when put to the rack, confessed the secret of the poison. They did more—they declared that Makandal's intention was to destroy privately the greater part of the planters, or to ruin them, by poisoning all those slaves who appeared to be attached to them; and lastly, to exterminate the whole race of white men by a general massacre, which would render him the deliverer and sovereign of the whole island. The truth of this dreadful conspiracy was confirmed by the evidence of several other confidents of Makandal, but he himself would never confess any thing; he retained his audacity and fanaticism even in the midst of the flames. He declared haughtily from the top of the pile, that the fire would respect his body; that instead of dying, he would only change his form; and that he would always remain in the island, either as a large gnat, a bird, or a serpent to protect his nation. His discourse made the ignorant negroes believe that his image would save him; a singular circumstance appeared for a moment to favour this opinion. A post having been driven into the earth, around which a pile of faggots were raised, and he was fixed to the stake by means of a wooden collar. The efforts which he made when fire was put to the pile, were so violent that he tore up the stake, and walked ten or twelve paces with it in the midst of the spectators. All the negroes immediately cried out, a miracle! but a soldier, who happened to be near, soon shewed, by a stroke of his sabre, that he was more powerful than the pretended prophet; and he was once more thrown into the pile, where he suffered the punishment which he so justly deserved.

Such was the origin of the devastations occasioned by poison in the island of St. Domingo, where such practices are become more rare, tho' they are not yet entirely eradicated.

As for Zami, when he had avenged the unfortunate Samba, he put himself to death, in hopes of meeting with a lover, without whom he considered life as an insupportable burden.

Remarks on Physiognomy.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY anatomy we learn that there are on the human face many muscles of various sizes, and variously disposed; that, while some of them are in a state of contraction, others are in a state of relaxation; and that by the separate or combined actions of a few or many of them, the countenance undergoes various degrees of distortion, elongation, constriction or dilatation, corresponding with the motions of the muscles. But these changes never occur in perfect sleep, when the countenance is relaxed and open, and are observed to arise only when the imagination is known to be exercised by some passion, affection, or idea. These then may be allowed to be the remote causes, which, we know not how, actuate the nerves, and these the muscles of the face; which last, by their contractions and relaxations, produce all the variety of expression observable in the human countenance. The actions of the muscles, therefore, which are subject to the controll of the imagination, is the *proximate* cause of all the modifications of the countenance, and consequently, though slowly and remotely, of the beauty and deformity, and of the innumerable degrees of each in both sexes. For if this were not the case, to what then can we impute the striking difference of the countenance of a rustic from that of a citizen: in the one we contemplate an open serenity, which indicates either habitual apathy or vacancy of mind, while we can trace in the countenance of the other, the complicated effects of envy, jealousy, ambition, avarice, &c. But that such a wonderful variety of countenances should obtain will not be thought mysterious, if we have recourse to the analogy which the muscles of the face bear to the alphabet. This, it is known, consists of not more than twenty-six sounds, which

are susceptible of such innumerable combinations, that not only all the words of our language, but of all the languages that have been yet known, or may be hereafter invented, are and may be composed of these twenty-six original sounds. In like manner the muscles of the face, by separate or combined contractions and relaxations, and by innumerable degrees of these in respect of comparative tone and duration, are capable of expressing all the passions and affections of the mind, and all the degrees of each, and possible combinations of the whole.

Thus far we may seem to have accounted for the innumerable changes which the countenance is liable to suffer from the passions, but we have not yet learned in what manner the permanent and distinguishing characters of every individual countenance is formed. For the illustration of this point, on which the practicability of a cure chiefly turns, we must again have recourse to analogy.

A young lady, who has learned to play on the piano with elegance and ease, can support a conversation with a companion, while she plays a tune on the instrument: here her attention is fixed on the subject of conversation, and consequently not directed to the succession of notes which compose the music. How then is it possible for her to perform such a connected and intricate series of motions as compose a tune, without any effort of her attention? I conceive that by frequent attempts in learning the tune, she has connected all the parts into a regular train of successive ideas in the mind, and by practising on her instrument, has established a corresponding and connected series of muscular actions in her fingers, so that nothing more is necessary for her in this case than to touch the first key, and the successive muscular motions follow in order as they have been connected, like the trains of ideas, which pass in review before the mind, the first suggesting the second, the second the third, and so on to the end of the series. Thus the passions and affections of the mind are to the muscles of the face what the ideas that correspond to the notes of a piece of music are to the muscles of the fingers, and a connected series of muscular actions, may and does obtain in the former as certainly as in the latter. Nothing then but frequent exercise of particular passions in the muscles of the face is necessary to produce a connected series of muscular actions, corresponding to, and expressive of these particular passions, and when the passions have subsided, the configuration of countenance, which has been produced by their influence on the muscles of the face, will continue by the force of habit, and association of muscular actions. Thus every individual acquires a permanent and distinguishing character of countenance from the influence of some predominant passion or affection, and transmits it to his children. It is in this way, and in no other, that a woman, who exercises pretty freely her scolding talents on her husband, gradually acquires a settled sourness, or masculine fierceness of face, while other ladies give strong assurances of their *inward excellence* in the *habitual* and *expressive mildness* of their countenance.

It must be acknowledged that most families have a common interest, and consequently common feelings in some things. The passion or affection which chiefly governs the head, will operate in some degree on the children and domestics, who are always ready to run into the manners of those to whom they are subject, and whom, thro' ignorance and weakness, they are disposed to regard as fit models for imitation. If, therefore, parents will suffer their faces to be distorted by habitual and inordinate envy, avarice, jealousy, revenge, and such-like passions, they may expect to find their countenance gradually acquiring the settled characters which express those passions, and their children, from the mere principle of imitation, will inherit a good part of their ugliness, without the passions which caused it. In this way ugly faces may be traced back to a long fit of envy, avarice, jealousy or revenge, perhaps in the fifteenth century; and declining beauty of the present day, shall, by successive, tho' insensible deviations through a few generations, terminate in downright deformity. It is therefore our interest, and a duty we owe to posterity, to exercise the amiable affections of the heart, in order to preserve our present stock of beauty, and transmit to our children, with some increase, what we have received from our parents, by correcting such disgusting features as appear;.....and this is to be done only by correcting the passions which are known to have produced them. E. C.

Essays on Music.

NUMBER III.

IN my former essays, I considered Music as extensive and copious. I shall in this number, consider it as exceedingly complicated, and indeed this has, also, in a degree, been already anticipated; for extent and copiousness show that it must be complex and abstruse. It cannot be supposed that any art very extensive and copious in itself, should not have its foundation deeply laid, and beyond the reach of a transient view; that the investigation of its principles should not be attended with intricacy and perplexity; and that, in fine, it should not require deep penetration and laborious researches, to discover the grounds upon which it stands.

The science of music, as it is connected with other sciences, involves the knowledge of those sciences with which it is connected.

The musician, must be acquainted with the language, in which he writes, in its extensive sense, which includes the art of rhetoric or persuasion. He must feel the powers of poetic numbers, and be able to unite these with those of music, in a manner which shall give double energy to the truths contained in the poetic strains. He must be master of the light and shade; of the image; of the pillars and decorations of the painter; and also be able to unite all the graces and ornaments of his art, and to paint in lively colours the picture or subject of his song. He must measure his sounds with mathematic skill; he must combine the sounds in harmony, with a knowledge of nature; he must regulate his proportion with a knowledge of architecture; and lastly, he must understand the great truths of Christianity; and feel, in his own heart, their realty and importance: he must, in short, be a linguist, an orator, a poet, a painter; a mathematican, a philosopher, an architect, a Christian, a friend to GOD and man.

Many important discoveries of the nature, properties and effects of sound, which have been brought to light by men of eminent abilities, have been done by actual experiment, and by laborious exertions in exploring the dark abyss and secrets of nature: and those principles, which have been discovered are evidently grounded on the foundation which was laid by the great Author and Creator of all things.

The science of Music, in its connection with other sciences, is dark and mysterious; and it is difficult to comprehend it. Therefore to dissect it, to view all its parts in a separate, and in a combined state; to view it in its relations to other sciences; in its connections and disconnections; in its dependence and independence; in its similarities and dissimilarities;....would require the grasp of a most capacious mind; a mind possessed of peculiarly strong powers, of a lively imagination; of an attentive and persevering inclination; and a length of time, far beyond the limits of man in his present degenerated and imperfect state.

PYTHAGORICUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

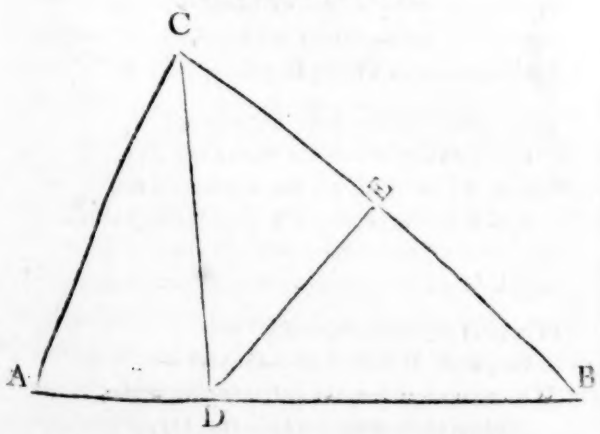
AN ENIGMA.

BEFORE the earth was delug'd by the flood,
Or e'er on its foundations it had stood;
Before the sun, or moon, or stars gave light,
Or darkness veil'd the mundane space with night;
Before the first arch-angel being had,
Or e'er Jehovah had one creature made;
I boast existence;—yet how strange to tell,
I'm doom'd in humblest garb on earth to dwell.
My post, a common cryer in the street,
And scorn'd almost by every one I meet;
Yet thus degraded by the human race,
I hold with *Deity* the highest place:
When *He* the highest heavens did prepare,
It is a fact that I was also there:
But now, alas! I hold a meaner place,
And wait attendance on the human race.
I bear a fruit more beautiful than gold,
Yet for the meanest trifle I am sold;
But those who know my worth the sale decline,
Because they know I make their faces shine.
I'm bought, I'm sold, rejected, scorn'd and hated,
Yet still by me you kindly are entreated,
T' accept my boon, the greatest earthly treasure,
Which neither knows, nor worth, nor bounds, nor measure.
Riches and honour, I would fain bestow,
And lengthen out your span of life below;
Your nights in sleep should sweetly pass away,
And safely I would guide you thro' the day.
But crooked and perverse, you still remain,
And spurn my wonted offers with disdain:
Farewell then Philadelphians;—time will show,
Your folly while you sojourn'd here below.
But e'er I bid an awful last farewell,
To all who in this favour'd city dwell;
Let me again excite each seeking mind,
To persevere,—nor rest till me you find.
And when you find me, you will prize me more,
Than all the blessings you had known before:
Ten thousand worlds for me you'd think too small—
Had you a million, you would give them all.

OLIVIA.

Answer, by N. Major, to the Question in Page 151.

CONSTRUCTION.



LET the triangle ABC, represent the given triangle, AB being the base, consequently the angle ACB is the vertical angle, then let AD be made equal to $\frac{1}{3}$ of AB, bisect the side BC in E, draw the lines ED, and CD, the point D in the line AB is that required.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I beseech thee to let the following (perhaps weak attempt to define why NOTHING *is the courtier's loss) find favour in thy sight.*

THE courtier oft in deep design,
Will clothe his views with subtle art;
The noble rights of man resign,
And steal by flatt'ry to the heart.
Virtue he's none to fear a stain;
Of venal tribute he's profuse;
He grasps at all he can obtain,
Nothing can such a courtier lose.

EMMA.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 10, 1802.

MR. VALENTINE KETTERING, an inhabitant of Dauphin County, Londonderry Township, has lately addressed a letter to the Speaker of the SENATE of this state, communicating an efficacious cure, for that dreadful malady, the BITE of a MAD DOG, either in man or beast, which he says has been known and used by him and his ancestors for the space of 250 years, in Germany and Pennsylvania.

The Committee, to whom this letter was referred, have made the following interesting

Report, That they have conferred with the said Kettering on that subject, who informed them, that he uses the herb, called Red Chick-Weed, which, when ripe, or in full bloom, he gathers and dries in the shade, reduces it to powder, and gives a small table-spoonful at one time to a grown person, in beer or water, in weight one drachm and one scruple; for a child, an equal dose, but given at three different times, or it may be eaten on bread with butter, honey or molasses, as the person chooses. For a beast, a large spoonful; if by weight too drachms and one scruple. When used green, for a beast, cut the herb fine, and mix with it bran, &c. When given to swine, mix the powdered herb with meal of any kind (dose as above) in little balls.

He assures us he has given it to persons many weeks after they were bitten, and never knew it fail; and never gives more than a single dose, unless to children, as above. He further says, it is an excellent cure for cuts and wounds on the human body.

When green, mash it, drop of the juice into the wound, and bind the herb, so mashed, on. That the proper time to sow the seed, is about the beginning of April, and it should be sown thin.

He also informs us, that he is now *seventy-five* years old; was born in Germany, and came from thence, with his parents, to Pennsylvania, when eleven years of age; that his mother brought the seeds of the herb among her garden seeds; that he has presented to your committee for the use of the members, a quantity of the herbs and seed; and says he will give of the seed to others who will please to call on him for that purpose.

They also learn, from the Rev. Henry Muhlenberg, that it is an annual plant known in Switzerland and Germany by the name of *Gauchheil, Rother Meyer*, or *Rother Heinerdarm;* in England, *Red Pimpernel;* by botanists, as he is informed, *Anagallis Phœnicea.* That it should be gathered in June, when in full blossom. In Germany, he understands, the usual dose was thirty grains of the powder, taken four times a day, and continued one week, in smaller doses; the wound washed with a decoction of the herb, and some of the powder strewed on it. That the plant is cultivated in many gardens, and grows near Baltimore and Havre-de-Grace, spontaneously, in great plenty.

Dr. POTTER has made a number of exceedingly curious remarks on the changes of appearance which happen in the lime walls of dwelling houses in the city of Baltimore. His remarks, carefully made, shew that walls grow yellowish, crumble and peel off in flakes during the prevalence of the sickly and yellow fever season in autumn. If houses are shut up, this does not happen; nor does it happen speedily, except during the prevalence of a kind of atmosphere which accompanies this endemic sickness. On examining this crumbling wall, he has found it to afford crystals of salt petre. Hence it is conclusively inferred, that from the holes, puddles and receptacles of corrupting things which unavoidably collect in cities, there is produced an unwholsome air or gas, which, while it invades the health and assails the lives of the inhabitants, is convertable by lime into nitre. This fact is a key to the mystery of pestilential air.

A Spanish poet, describing his passion, says, That in thinking of his mistress he fell into a river, where the heat of his passion had such an effect on the water, that it bubbled up, and boiled the fish, insomuch that those that come to take him out, were diverted from their object by the delicacy of the fish, which were swimming about ready cooked.

Deaths.

" *Death is the privilege of human nature;*
" *Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,*
" *Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.*"

DIED....In this city....On the 4th inst. after a tedious and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Desmarie,—one of those unfortunate inhabitants of the French islands, who were obliged to fly for the safety of their lives, and leave their property to destruction.

A negro man died a few months ago upon Mr. Jouet's estate, in the island of Jamaica, called Montague, who perfectly recollected the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal in 1692; he was then married, and had several children. He retained all his senses, except his sight, to the very last.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Address to Clio,*"—"*Sonnet to Junia,*"—"*Lines to Morning,*"—"*Acrostic to Fashion,*"—"*Translation of the* ixth *Ode, IIId. Book of Horace,*" *&c.* will appear in due time.

"*Inconstancy*" is incorrect in several places.

"*Milo*" is not forgot.

The editor thanks the correspondent who favoured him with a copy of "*Montmorency, a Fragment.*" But compassion towards those whose nerves are weak, and respect for the minds of youthful readers, induce him to decline publishing it; as the scenery throughout the piece is far beyond the bounds of nature, and the imagery terrific to an extreme.

"*E.*" in our next.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO MEMORY.

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira voluptas
"Gaudia. . . . . ." JUVENAL.

WHAT musing pow'r is that which moves the soul,
To gentle extacy or dread?
Spreads bright effulgence round the head?
Or sinks the spirits under strong controll?
'Tis MEM'RY, sweet celestial maid!
Who calls the passions to her aid;
Wak'd by her touch, those faculties of man,
Congenial play, and lengthen out his span.
In age how strong her pow'r! how radiant move
Her rain-bow rays to gild life's troubles o'er!
By her true friendship and the charms of love,
Retain their force 'till time shall be no more.
'Tis she revives past pleasure and past pain,
Calls scenes of youth to mind, and acts them o'er again.

Observe that vet'ran, how his glist'ning eye,
Shoots fiery lustre at the tale,
Of ancient heroes cloath'd in mail:
And thinks he sees their form, and hears their cry,
To arms! fierce Ajax, direful foe
Of Trojans, aims a deadly blow;
The god-like Hector waits the storm,
Fire in his eyes, and terror in his form.
Quick flies his thoughts to times that now are o'er,
When he to aid his country took the field;
Hear'd the dread clash of arms, the cannon roar,
And saw the invading foe submissive yield.
Thou Mem'ry in the mirror of his mind,
Pleasing reflects what time's swift foot has left behind.

The once gay Negro, now alas a slave!
At fancy-view of Gambia's plain,
Lets drop the hated sugar-cane,
And strains his eyes across the azure wave,
O dwelling of my sire! my wife!
Why torn from you? ah! why with life?
My lovely babes look out and mourn,
To hail their father's glad return.
But ah! in this detested clime I'm chain'd,
Far from the view of your enchanting smile!
To misery a prey, by tyrants maim'd;
Condemn'd to pass my life in Cuba's isle.
Cease all complaint! life's toil will soon be o'er,
And Mungo hail his friends on Gambia's happy shore.*

Far from the gay, tumultuous scenes of life,
Why does Alonzo love to rove?
Why traverse thro' the lonely grove,
Blending his sighs with owl's continual strife?
To court thee, Mem'ry, in the gloom,
And bathe with tears his Mira's tomb!
He thither hies at silent eve,
The world and all its follies leave!

What is't that renders gloomy thoughts so dear?
Ask the fond lover, and he soon will say—
"I would not part with melancholy's tear,
"For all the wealth of Algier's haughty bey.
"Mem'ry, though cloath'd in sable garb of woe,
"Conceals extatic joys I never will forego."

How fair th' enchanting view of youthful days!
When Hope's bright visions fill'd the breast,
Lull'd ev'ry rising sigh to rest,
And charm'd the heart with sweetly-melting lays.
Great power of the soul, you bind,
That wondrous faculty, the mind!
And bids her follow where you lead,
Or thro' the stormy flood, or flow'ry mead.
Swift as the light'ning, at thy sonorous horn,
On wings of wind man's thoughts run o'er life's space!
Riot in pleasures of his infant morn:
Ere innocence to subtle art gave place.
How does the retrospect fresh charms unfold!
Stampt on th' impressive heart in letters of pure gold.

Haste Mem'ry, with thy tender, friendly aid!
The moments of puerile years,
When forethought and the world's dull cares,
In my pure breast no deep incision made.
Hither, I say, ah! hither bring,
With yielding sweets of youthful spring;
Wake the sports around the green,
Where top and ball betimes were seen;
The winding rabbit-chase thro' swamp and wood,
The cunning arts to guile the partridge near,
The angling in the pure transparent flood,
The fairy haunts where tales amus'd my ear.
Such were the charms that sunshin'd on my head,
But now, alas! they're gone,—the pleasant hours are fled.

Again, O Mem'ry, I thy aid implore!
To manlier scenes I fain would rove,
When first my heart was fill'd with love!
When first its tender strains I whisper'd o'er,
To Mira, fairest of the fair,
With ruddy cheeks and auburn hair;
Bring to my sight her smiling face,
Her lovely form, and virgin grace.
The period when with trembling voice I said,
Mira! on you alone my hopes do rest;
When fondly answering, the blushing maid,
Sunk, yielding, conquer'd, on my rapture'd breast.
Heavens! how my bosom glow'd with latent fire,
The hidden flame grew bold,—encreas'd with pure desire.

* * * * * * *

Hark! sure etherial symphonies I hear!
Now gently swelling on the ear,
In sweetest cadence soft and clear,
'Till by degrees they fill the ambient air;
Again they die away; my soul aspire,
To know what moves the heav'nly vocal throng!
But stop, Urania tunes her votive lyre;
Assuasive strains steal in her melting song.

"O Memory, thy charms I sing,
"To thee I touch the trembling string;
"Wake all thy pleasures ever blest,
"Wake joyful tumults in my breast.

"Genius from thee receives her pow'r,
"And contemplation's silent hour,
"More sacred seems with thy kind aid;
"Thou fair, auspicious, blooming maid.

"The languid soul oppress'd with cares,
"Or burden'd with a hast of years;
"From thine exhaustless mine receive,
"Ease which thou alone can give.

"From chaos thou thy flight beran,
"Dispensing joys supremely bright:
"Preserving for the use of man,
"All that could charm, support, delight.

"When Nature shakes convuls'd with dread,
"And Universe with fire is spread;
"When Hope by Faith is swallow'd up:
"Thou from from thy ne'er exhausted cup,
"Will pour a sacred balm around;
"In Heav'n thy altar thou wilt raise,
"Where angels, seraphs, with their lays,
"Hail thy approac in notes of sweetest sound."

EUGENIO.

Many of the unfortunate slaves in the West Indies, maintain an idea, that, at death, they return to their native country, to enjoy uninterrupted felicity.

THE FAREWELL.

AN ODE.

WHEN sad I think upon the fatal hour,
That soon will come to urge me to depart,
I almost impiously accuse the pow'r
For placing in this breast a feeling heart.

And must I leave the charming maid I love!
For whom my heart with transport beats alone,
And all the pains of cruel absence prove,
Those pains which hitherto have been unkown!

While gazing on my Delia's sparkling eyes,
Where sweetly mingled, love and softness dwell,
Shall I be able to suppress my sighs!
Shall I find utt'rance for the word, farewell!

Ah! yes, my Delia will relieve my pain,
Will soothe my drooping spirits with a kiss,
And bid me think we soon shall meet again
To spend our future days in endless bliss.

PHILAMOR.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

WHEN in contempt of Cupid's laws
My Celia pleads for friendship's name;
Such eloquence adorns her cause,
So lovely shines the holy flame—
Convinc'd, submissively we bend,
Ambitious to be Celia's friend.

But as we view her heav'nly charms,
Her speaking eye—her matchless face,
While the lov'd theme her bosom warms,
And brighter glows each heighten'd grace—
Oh! then we own love's pow'r divine,
And bow with raptures at his shrine.

'Tis thus my fair the god of love
Can with us feeble mortals play—
While you our breasts to friendship move,
And force to reverence all you say,
He, urchin sly, with curious art
Lights thence his torch to fire the heart.

LINDOR.